

New Ipswich, Jan. 12, 1844.

N.H.

Dear Helen:

4. I wrote a few lines from Milford for the Liberator of this week, giving a sketch of my lecturing in that place on Saturday evening and all day Sunday. On Monday, I came to this place (which is about 14 miles from M.) in an open sleigh, and with a spirited horse, in company with my esteemed friend Leonard Chase. The mercury was almost down to zero, and the wind blew the snow somewhat violently, and "cut like a razor"; but we were well protected by good buffalo skins, and felt the cold very slightly. I had my ears tied up snugly; and if I can contrive to keep them warm, I care very little either for the blasts of old Boreas, or for the stealthy ruffian Cold. We arrived about 2 o'clock at friend Hammond's, and ^{Erish} ~~re-~~ ^{was} received by him and his warm-hearted wife (who is a gem of ^a woman) in the most affectionate and hearty manner. They have one of the snugest, best contrived, prettiest little cottages that you have ever seen. It reminds me of the time when we made our romantic sojourn in the Roxbury cottage - a remembrance which always excites a thrill of pleasure in my bosom. I do not wonder that Mrs. Hammond feels reluctant to be separated from this dear spot, and from this her native place; but they will probably go to the Northampton Association in the spring, and most valuable acquisitions they will be. Heaven prosper that Association in all good things! Its failure would cause ^{the enemies} of equal rights and radical reform to shout aloud for joy. Mr. Hammond intends leaving for Northampton next week, on a flying visit to confer with bro. George, at his request.

The first thing you will be anxious to hear about is my health. I am quite as well as usual, and have taken no cold since I left home. The weather has been cold, but pleasant - the mercury having once fallen as low as 4 degrees below zero. Our cottage is warmed

by a furnace, so that it is kept in a very comfortable state. You know my habitual cautiousness, and so need give yourself no uneasiness on my account.

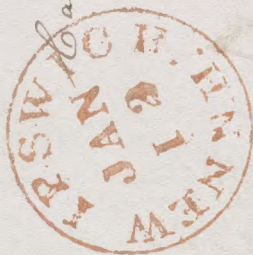
The next thing you will be anxious to hear about is my portrait, and what is the probability of its being an accurate one. I arrived so late on Monday, that nothing could be done on that day. I have sat three times, and already such progress has been made as to warrant the belief that success will crown friend Hammond's efforts. He feels a great deal of anxiety — perhaps too much — in regard to it, and will try to do his best. Phrenologically, he has form and imitation large, but he is somewhat deficient in the organs of constructiveness, color and ideality. He is evidently possessed of genius and talent, but has had very poor opportunities to perfect himself in the art. His wife has excellent critical powers, and will aid him very much by her suggestions in regard to my features. I hope, for your sake, dear Helen, that the portrait will be a true one; for I know it will give you great delight to possess a copy of it.

The next thing you will wish to know is, when I shall be at home. At the earliest hour possible — for when did I ever choose to remain needlessly away from you and the dear little ones? But this is not to answer your inquiry. Well, then, you may expect to see me on Wednesday night. The painting at this season cannot be hurried, as it is somewhat difficult to dry it; hence, a little more time will be required on that account. I wish to give friend Hammond all the time I can conveniently spare, in justice to himself, and for the sake of obtaining a good portrait. You need no assurance from me, that I wish to be with you, even this very hour if it were possible; especially on account of your lame arm and household affairs.

My presence in this place creates a good deal of sensation, and in the region round about. I have already given three public lectures — two on slavery, and one on non-resistance. One evening, I occupied the Methodist meeting-house; the other evenings, the school-house, where I am to lecture all day next Sunday, on Worship, the Church, the Ministry, ~~the~~ Sabbath, &c. My audiences have been large, and highly respectable, notwithstanding the mad dog cry of "infidel," raised against me by the Irreverend Mr. Lee and his satellites. He refused to read the notice for my lectures, but it was read by the Baptist and Methodist clergymen — though none of them have attended my meetings. A considerable number of Mr. Lee's church members and congregation, however, have been present. As far as I can learn, my lectures have produced a deep and salutary impression, and I trust will serve to aid the cause of God and down-trodden humanity, universally. On each occasion, I begged the people to consider the meeting as free to them as to myself — to interrupt me, if they should wish to, at any stage of ^{my} remarks — to propound any objections — to raise any inquiries — to start any difficulties, &c. &c.; but not a single individual had any thing to say, on any point — though I attacked the church, the clergy, the whig, democratic and liberty parties, in the most unsparing manner! At the close of my non-resistance lecture last evening, (I spoke for two hours, and though the house was crowded, the audience seemed to be spell-bound to the end,) a good Second Advent woman rose, and made a few excellent remarks — saying that she felt free to speak in a meeting where William Lloyd Garrison was, and endorsing every word that had fallen from my lips. She did not say that the world was about to be destroyed, but her language implied as much. There are a number here, who embrace the views of Mr. Miller, and con-

time steadfast in his doctrine. They are "con-venters" from the churches, and hold a separate meeting of their own. Such persons must have veneration and marvellousness to a great degree, and while they are under such excitement, reason and argument are of very little avail in convincing them of their delusion.

Singles.
10
Helen Eliza Garrison,
Care of Wm Lloyd Garrison,
25, Cornhill,
Boston, Mass.



The Liberty party here is made up of very worthless materials. It rules the town, politically.

Persons have come from a long distance to hear me. Among these have been Dr. Bachelder and his wife from Marlboro; (22 miles off.) They arrived yesterday, and heard me last evening. He will return home to-day, but she will probably remain over the Sunday. He is the one who wrote to Oliver, about my eulogy on Dr. Smith and Dr. Thompson; but he said nothing to me about it, and treated me with great cordiality, earnestly inviting me to visit his place. His wife, he says, is a thorough-going Garrison man, and I must stop. Mrs. and Mrs. Hammond said friends were to go to you and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. Love to all. Ever yours, W. L. Garrison.